

## I'm so cold...

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## I'm so cold...

by [Penuf](#)

### Summary

Three months.

Three months since Tubbo sent him into exile.

Three months of constant manipulation from Dream any time he is awake.

Two months since his friends stopped visiting him.

One month since Ghostbur stopped living with him.

One hour...Tommy saw Technoblade walking around his camp

[If any CC is uncomfortable with this and would like it to be taken down then i would gladly do so]

[Remember that this is no way an accurate depiction of their real life selves, so make sure

not to send hate to any creator due to what is written in this fic. This is all in good fun! (and also made to ignore canon sbi .\_.)]

TW- verbal and physical abuse, ptsd, panic attacks, manipulation, and depictions of blood and violence. Viewer discretion is advised.

## Notes

Background:

SBI family dynamic all kids adopted

Dad- Philza (obvi)34

Oldest: Techno (Fight me) 20

Middle: Wilbur/ghostbur (Only a year younger)19

Youngest: Tommy 16

I'm making tommy shorter than his family because cute

Dream family

Dream older brother 21

Tubbo younger brother 16

Eret and george are brothers B)

Quackity, Karl, and sapnap poly ;0

Ghost schlatt maybe in story but prolly not lol

SMP's are countries except for SMPearth which is called Project:Earth

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Icy Escape

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One month since Ghostbur stopped living with him.

One hour...Tommy saw Technoblade walking around his camp one hour ago, not that he cared. Tommy was actually glad to see him, he wanted someone to talk to that wasn't going to tell him that everyone hated him. But Techno disappeared after only fifteen minutes, Tommy wasn't even disappointed or surprised; his mind had been cluttered with Dreams words telling him that no one wanted to see him or hear him or...Tommy was sitting on the prime log, the apple now long gone from going rotten and the log having cracked and started to wither away. Though Tommy didn't care, he stopped caring a long time ago, after no one showed up to his beach party he realized that Dreams words may be true.

"Tommy" A voice, a monotone, bland, bored voice. But a voice that wasn't Dreams. Tommy slowly looked up, he forgot how long he was staring at the ground but from the look of it, it's been a few hours.

"Tommy get up." The voice, *Technoblade's* voice, demanded. Though it wasn't an angry demand, it had a tone of caring, odd for his past enemy. But Tommy stood, he wasn't going to make Techno angry and leave him, he didn't want to be alone anymore...

Techno looked him up and down, his expression unreadable but soft. Tommy didn't really care, he knew how he looked, but he still didn't care. Until Techno put a hand on his shoulder.

"Exile hasn't been kind to you, huh?" There was a soft smile, caring and warm; almost enough for it to break through Tommy's mind and make him believe that *someone* cared about him. *Almost*.

Techno turned and started to walk away from him, only stopping when he didn't hear footsteps behind him. He looked over his shoulder to see a still Tommy with a blank expression.

"Are you coming or not? Cause if you aren't I can stay here and tell Phil to come here instead of the- well that's a secret but I can tell him to come here." Tommy looked at him for a moment, he didn't know Techno wanted him to follow. He thought that he was only visiting and then going to go back to whatever he does during the day. Tommy examined Techno's face for any sign of a joke, but there was none. So he followed, he followed him all the way to...a castle...a castle with the Antarctic Empires flag on it, Tommy recognized that flag from when he was a part of Project: Earth. But he didn't get a bad feeling about it, the opposite actually, he had a good feeling when he saw it. Maybe from nostalgia from a good time in his life, or from the thought that they brought him here to kill him; he couldn't tell.

Techno led him inside of the castle, taking off his new blue cape and coat and hanging it up on a hook. Tommy took in his surroundings and the homie warmth of the castle, something he hadn't felt since before the exile.

"Phil! I've got 'em!" Techno yelled to the empty hallway, a slight echo of the words could be heard before the echo of footsteps. Phil soon emerged from behind a wall, a soft smile on his face.

"Hey Toms." His tone warm and kind, never has that changed towards him. Tommy broke, the fatherly and brotherly love that he had been missing suddenly overwhelming, a broken sob coming from his mouth. Tommy tried to wipe away the tears that were streaming down his face. Techno looking down at him sympathetically, a hand on his back rubbing circles. Phil walked over, wiping away some of the tears on Tommy's face.

"I-I'm sorry, I just haven't seen someone who hasn't been Dream in two months..." Tommy explained, speaking for the first time, sniffing and looking up at the two. His quiet voice broke Phil and Techno.

Phil put a hand through his hair "Toms...It's going to be okay. Wanna go sit down?" Tommy nodded and Techno put an arm around him, leading him to their living room. A large room with two chandeliers and a few couches with a large coffee table. Tommy felt Techno nudge him slightly and take his arm off of him. Tommy walked over and sat down on the couch, legs tucked into his chest. Techno and Phil sat on either side of him.

"Tommy do you wanna talk about it?" Techno asked this time. Tommy was stunned at how much he cared about him even after Tommy had been so rude to him after the revolution. Tommy looked at them before nodding.

"W-Well...After the beach party that no one came to, Dream started telling me that no one missed me 'n that they were better off without me more 'n more..." Tommy stared down at the floor as he talked.

"I uh...I tried to off myself in the nether... but Dream threw down a splash potion of fire res when I was falling..." There was an audible gasp before he felt a pair of arms wrap around him, he looked up to see that it was Phil hugging him tight, as though if he let go that Tommy would disappear. Tommy looked over at Techno, his face wouldn't show it to people who didn't know him but his family could tell, he was pissed.

"I-uh...It's fine though? At least I got to talk to someone! Please don't be mad at me..." Tommy looked down again, Techno's expression softened.

"Toms no one is mad at you, it's everyone *except* for you that we are mad at. We should have visited you." Techno stated remorsefully, Tommy shot up and shook his head.

"No! It's not your fault! I should have made sure those stupid invites went out so that you guys knew I still wanted to hang out!"

"About that Tommy..." Phil started, glancing at Techno "I think they did go out, but Dream took them to stop people from talking to you..." Tommy stared up at him in disbelief.

"But...He said it was okay that people visited me..."

"Tommy he was lying, it's a basic manipulation tactic." Techno jumped in, what he said was harsh but true and Tommy knew it. He knew Dream never really stayed for Tommy to be okay, the fact that he had to get rid of his armor and weapons every time he visited made that very clear. He just wished it wasn't.

"Tommy this isn't just Dream though. L'manburg and the others *should* have visited you, the party was *three months* ago. They should have stopped by."

"They did, not as often, but it only stopped halfway through the second month..."

"Tommy, that's a month and a half in isolation with someone who just wanted to break you down!" Phil gasped, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. *His* own son felt completely broken and alone, and he just let it happen!

Techno sighed “Tommy this brings me to the real reason we brought you here. Would you like to join the Antarctic Empire? As a prince of course, you’d actually be treated well and we wouldn’t punish you for causing Anarchy. The Empire is Anarchistic now, not like Project: Earth. Toms, we would actually treat you like a person instead of a toy to be tossed around. You’re my brother, you deserve to be a kid instead of going through the torment and war that you have been through.” Techno was soft, they were on the opposite side for the longest time but he was treating Tommy with kindness.

Tommy just stared at him, he didn’t know why at that moment but he started to cry. So many month’s of being told that he had to set an example and be mature, and now Techno and Phil came along and told him that it’s *okay* that he is hyperactive and just wants to have fun. He was overwhelmed, and he felt happy for the first time in what felt like forever. Tommy hugged Techno tight, Phil still holding onto Tommy. It was warm, but it was nice.

That hug was all the answer Phil and Techno needed.

# Fit for a king

## Chapter Summary

Tommy, Techno, and Phil sit down and have a conversation. Not before getting a whole new fit

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is slightly longer than the last, hope you all enjoyed it!!! I'm already a few hundred words into the third chapter so expect that today or tomorrow!

Twitter: @Peachy\_Heartt

After they talked, they ate and let Tommy get some rest in an actual bed, something he hadn't done since before the exile. Techno put it upon himself to put out a clean outfit for Tommy while he was asleep, but not just any outfit, a princely Antarctic Empire outfit. It was somewhat similar to Techno's regular outfit, but his 'crown' was floating ice crystals, but they were unique in a way that they would change colors depending on how Tommy felt. Of course, Techno left a note explaining that if he didn't want his emotions to be exposed, he didn't have to wear it.

Now, Techno and Phil were facing each other as they quietly sat in the kitchen; neither wanted to start the conversation, but someone had to. So Phil did.

"We need to deal with Dream. If he finds Tommy, then I doubt he's going to make it easy for us to find him again." Phil started as he took a sip of tea.

"Well yeah, but we can't keep Tommy in the castle all day. If we do, then we are no better than Dream."

"Then what do you say we do? Tommy *cannot* be taken by Dream, and we can't force him to stay here even if he said yes to being a part of the Empire."

"I'll train him," Techno paused, looking at Phil's reaction to that statement before continuing. "I'll train him so that he can defend himself. Plus, in the long run, his knowing how to actually fight will be good for when we take down New L'manburg. He doesn't have to be in that fight, of course, but Tubbo *exiled* him; there's gotta be a part of him that wants revenge." Techno shrugged.

"Maybe so, but we can't bring all this up to him right now. We will overwhelm the poor kid. He's been through enough, and I don't want to put him through another war unless he is absolutely certain he wants in." Phil's face changed to one of worry. He didn't want to lose another son...

Techno nodded, "I know that; I'm not as reckless as Wilbur. For now, we just need to work on helping him feel better. What Dream did to his psyche isn't going to be easy to reverse."

Phil hummed in agreement, "I may go- no. *You* should go talk to L'manburg and Dream. They need to know that the New Antarctic Empire is forming and they are the main enemy. You aren't in retirement anymore. Spill some blood if you need." Phil's expression was dark and angry. They both knew that everyone who hurt Tommy was going to pay, and if that meant with their life, then so be it. Techno chuckled in reply, taking his sword out of its scabbard.

"Guess I need to polish this baby up."

...

It had been a few hours since their last conversation, and Phil knew that Tommy had yet to eat something. He went up the stairs to Tommy's room, unknown to Tommy, but the room had been prepared weeks in advance. Phil knocked on the door quietly; when he heard no movement or reply, he quietly opened the door and saw a sleeping Tommy curled up into a ball. He walked over and shook him lightly. Tommy stirred and looked up at him groggily.

"Hey Toms, you haven't eaten anything all day, so we wanted you to come down and eat with us. Think you can do that?" Phil asked quietly, a soft smile on his face. Tommy sat up and nodded; Phil ruffled his hair.

"If you want, we got out a special outfit for you, but we also put a bunch of your usual types of clothing in the closet. And obviously, it's just Techno and me, so you don't have to be nervous to wear pajamas around." Phil explained, "Come down when you're ready, alright? You can pick out what we eat." He grinned before walking out.

Tommy took a hot shower before changing, 'feels nice to be clean,' he thought.

He was naturally curious, so he chose to wear the 'special outfit.' When he put it on, he was amazed at how amazing it looked, a lovely white collar top with long sleeves, a blue cape with



white fluff and, a diamond to add in the collar, dress pants, and knee-high boots. But the most amazing thing to him was the crown. He saw Techno's note and still opted to wear the crown still. He smiled at himself in the mirror before walking down, the bright smile on his face, not going away.

Techno and Phil were chatting in the kitchen before Tommy walked in, the conversation pausing when they saw him.

"Damn Toms, it's almost like you were always a part of the Empire," Techno chuckled, ruffling his hair.

Tommy smiled up at him; Techno melted. This had been the first time he saw a spark in his eyes all day.

"You saw the note about the crown, right? I just wanna make sure you're okay with it." Phil questioned, smiling. Tommy's smile was contagious. No one can deny that fact.

"Yep! I love it Big P, Big T! I feel so awesome! Now all I need is to find some diamonds for a sword, and I'll feel like Technoblade 2.0!" Tommy yelled. Both Phil and Techno felt some pride, knowing that they helped cause this burst of happiness.

"Actually, Toms," Techno walked out of the room, Tommy looking at Phil in confusion. But Phil's face didn't help. He actually looked just as confused. But then Techno came back with something...A sword, but not only any sword, but a maxed-out custom also made Netherite sword. It was a rapier with a fancy handle and a T carved into it. But he was also holding the scabbard, which was just as lovely. "You don't have to worry about the sword. I've got that covered." Techno smirked. Tommy was stunned for a moment before his eyes widened in excitement before running into a hug with Techno.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you! Techno, this is awesome! I can't believe you got me a sword! Oh!" he pulled back and looked at it, "I'll call it 'Tommy's vlog sword'! Dude, it looks incredible! And you enchanted it!" Techno and Phil were looking down at him fondly, but then Tommy froze. "Are...Are you sure I can have this? I mean, I feel like someone who isn't a reckless idiot should have it." Tommy looked down, and Techno frowned

'That green bastard...' Techno thought before sighing, "Tommy, of course, you can have it," Techno put the scabbard around Tommy's waist and put the sword in Tommy's hands. "Toms, you may be reckless, but you're no idiot. You're just a kid; all kids are reckless, so it's not a problem. Toms I- no, *we* love you and want you to have the sword." Techno reassured. Tommy had tears in

his eyes and pulled Techno into another hug, this one a hug of comfort. It didn't last too long, but it was enough to help Tommy feel better.

"So Toms, what's for dinner?" Phil chuckled when he heard Tommys stomach growling.

...

Tommy, Techno, and Phil were now chatting on the couch. Techno and Phil happy that the crown Tommy was wearing was glowing light blue, the happiness representing color of the crown. They were glad he was feeling better than when he was found.

"So Tommy, how would you feel about me training you in fighting?" Techno asked; he knew Tommy would likely say yes, but he wanted to ask anyway. And he wasn't wrong. Tommy excitedly said yes, jumping up out of his seat when Techno asked.

'Now...I need to talk to Dream and L'manburg. That's not going to be easy...' Techno thought. He knew Dream was on his side in the revolution, but he wasn't bringing L'manburg down for the sole reason of no government. He was bringing it down for *Tommy*. But he also knew there was an unspoken agreement between him and Phil that when L'manburg goes down, the Empire will take that land and rise in its place.

"Hey, Toms, what do you wanna do tomorrow?" Phil asked kindly.

Tommy hesitated for a moment before facing Phil. "Actually...Is it...Is it possible that I go and see L'manburg? I don't wanna join back! I just need to speak to some people..." Tommy looked down, nervous for the reply.

Techno and Phil looked at each other as if to speak without words. Phil nodded, and Techno smirked.

"Yeah, Toms, you can go to L'manburg. But Techno and I will be by your side the whole time. You aren't dying on our watch." Phil replied, and Tommy let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

Tomorrow was going to be interesting...



# An old friend

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and co. go to L'manburg...

## Chapter Notes

I hope you are all enjoying this! posting this as soon as I finish it but I'll be getting right to work on 4!

The next day they all got into their Antarctic Empire royal outfits from the day before. They cleaned it over the night so that they would seem more intimidating.

Tommy woke up excited for the new day; today, he would call everyone at L'manburg out for how they treated him. He *needed* to speak to Tubbo specifically. Phil called him down so that they could leave and get there by midday. Techno handed him a bag filled with food, potions, gapples, and extra gear; they all had bags like this, Techno reassured him that they shouldn't need any of it, but it was just to be safe.

Techno grabbed with coat and cape off the hook, then they were off. Walking through the thick snow to L'manburg, a place that Tommy had once called home but now calls his enemy. After a few hours of walking and a quick stop to sit down and eat, they saw L'manburg. Phil and Techno made sure that they were behind Tommy the whole time to know exactly what was going on around him. But then...They saw the green...

The man who had once been in a duel against the blood god was not sitting peacefully on the roof of Phil's old house. As if he had not just been manipulating and abusing a sixteen-year-old boy. Techno growled lowly at the sight of the man, almost stomping over before remembering that he needed to stay close to Tommy, who of which had a surprisingly calm expression, but he knew he had to confront Dream first. He wasn't going to get to Tubbo with Dream on his tail. Tommy walked of the Dream, Phil, and Techno close behind.

"Dream." Tommy was confident and stern; his stance showed no hesitation to the outside world. But on the inside, he was freaking out. He didn't know what he was doing facing Dream. Dream startled and looked down at him before jumping down with his arms crossed.

"Tommy, you are exiled, I told you what I would do if I saw you here, but here you are. They don't want to see you, Toms-" Techno growled at the use of the nickname. Dream didn't deserve to call him that. Dream looked up at him and grinned. Tommy didn't back down in his stance, he didn't say anything, but he also didn't look away from Dream.

"Well, if it isn't my two favorite anarchists~! Techno~ Phil~ What are you doing with Tommy here? And what's with the new looks?"

"It's Technoblade for you. And this is the look of the Antarctic Empire; we need to speak to Tubbo and, well, you." Techno stated, never dropping a glare. A glare that even made Tommy nervous.

Dream took a step back, not used to the sudden coldness that Techno was giving him. "Blade, Techno, Buddy! What happened? I thought we were friends!"

"You're right! *Were* ! Not anymore! Not when I learned how you have been treating Tommy. Now where in the hell is Tubbo?" Techno said, barely a question, more like a demand to show him. Dream got the message and walked to the Whitehouse where Tubbo resided.

They got to the door of Tubbo's office, Phil having a tight grip on Dream's shoulder so that he didn't pull anything. Tommy knocked.

"Come in!" Two words. It was only two words, but Tommy almost fainted, it had been forever since he had seen his ex-best-friend, and he didn't know what to do with himself when he heard his voice. Thankfully Techno brought him back to reality with a slight nudge. Tommy carefully opened the door, but Tubbo didn't look up to see him.

"Whats the report, Quackity? Has Dream found Tommy? God, Why do we even care? Tommy is exiled. We should be leaving him on his own."

"Yeah. I agree. You should have." Tommy growled. Tubbo froze. Was it really him? He looked up scared, only to see that it was indeed Tommy.

Tubbo stood up and tried to hug Tommy, only for Tommy to push him away.

"You exiled me, not only that, but you never even visited. Not a *single* time did you ever decide to go say 'hi' to your best friend! We were best friends, Tubbo! And maybe you were right, perhaps I

am selfish, and maybe I only care about the discs! But the discs themselves weren't what mattered, Tubbo! It was the memories attached! I gave that memory to you, Tubbo, and then you almost gave it to Dream. Which FYI! Has been the only person visiting me, but he only did it to break me down! And that is precisely what he did! I bet he didn't even tell you how I tried to off myself." Tommy was pissed off, crying, but pissed off. All the words he had flowing through his head for months just came out. He never intended to say them with such venom, but he couldn't stop himself. Tubbo betrayed him. *Tubbo* , his *best-friend* , *betrayed* him. Tommy couldn't stop the angry tears from falling out.

"Tommy I-" Tubbo paused, finally realizing that Tommy was matching not only Phil but *Technoblade*. An enemy of the country, someone who tried to blow it to bits. "Tommy, why are you matching those two?"

"I'm glad you asked. It's because I'm a part of the New Antarctic Empire now. They *actually* care about me. I should have known that L'manburg never did..." Tommy stated, starting to quiet down.

Dream was fuming, Tommy, his little toy, had decided to leave and join some other country with the *one person* that could take him down. So he slowly drew his sword; if he can't play with Tommy, then no one can. But Techno spotted this quickly and drew his own sword, putting it against Dream's chest.

"Yeah, I wouldn't. Your little friends aren't here to back you up on your horrible choices, but then again, you did say that you don't care about them, and you did start a war against them. So would they *really* come and save you?" Techno threatened. There was a chilling relaxation in his voice. As if Dream wasn't just trying to kill Tommy. But it was enough to make Dream back down and drop his sword. Just barely. He didn't plan on losing a life so quickly.

Tommy wiped the tears away from his face before looking at Tubbo in the eyes once again, "Tubbo, I would like you to know that L'manburg is now an official enemy of The New Antarctic Empire. We- *I* will stop at nothing to take down this cursed country. L'manburg never has and will never work as a country." Tommy crossed his arms. Phil noticed the color of the crystal crown. 'A light green...' Tommy was pissed right off. But only Techno and Phil knew the crown's code, so no one else knew Tommy's true feelings.

"Also, I don't care if you revoke the exile or not because I will be showing back up here, legal or not." He said as he turned away. "I'll be talking to others here." He said as he walked out, only Phil following behind.

"Now that we are alone~" Techno smirked when they left. "Tommy already told you how you are an enemy of the Antarctic Empire, but I don't think you understand the severity of that. Phil and I

have been for preparing months for this war. We have all the gear and more that we would need as just the three of us. Tubbo, you aren't going to avoid conflict by just exiling one of your friends this time. Because this one is on you." Techno crossed his arms, looking down at Tubbo.

"Mr. Blade, I'm sure we don't need to fight! I mean, what Dream did to Tommy wasn't even apart of L'manburg!"

"Wasn't it! You let the man walk all over your country and do whatever he wants and act my he owns the place but as soon as he does something wrong, he suddenly doesn't reflect the country! Plus, this isn't just about Tommy. This is about the abolishment of this government, a corrupt, lazy, unjust government. Feel free to talk to us about being a citizen of the Antarctic Empire whenever we win the war. And Dream," He took a step closer to him, "Back the fuck up, *do not* talk to Tommy again, and *for sure* don't call him Toms, you don't have the right." He spat even more venom in his words. Then he walked out, off to find where Phil and Tommy went.

...

Techno spotted Tommy talking to SapNap...Talking is a strong word. The conversation seemed one-sided. Techno walked over and learned exactly what was happening; Tommy was chewing Sapnap out for not realizing that Dream is horrible. He wasn't wrong for doing this. SapNap knew first hand that Dream didn't care about them. He only cared about power. The talk was short, and they walked away.

The group talked to more people. Most of the conversations asked why they never visited. Most said it's because they didn't think Tommy wanted them. Tommy added it all up to Dream manipulating him and somehow, the rest of the country and his friends.

"There's one last person...We need to speak to Ghostbur. Big Q, do you know where he is?" Tommy inquired. He seemed the most nervous about this conversation. But he never did feel content with the fact that Ghostbur didn't remember anything that he did.

"Ghost- ohhh...Tommy, there is something you need to know about that..." Quackity scratched the back of his head nervously. "Ya'see...Ghostbur isn't really-"

But before he could finish, they saw him...Ghostbur...No. *Wilbur* .

"Tommy?"





# **If I could change a single thing**

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur and a green blur.

tw- manipulation and panic attack

## Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! I've been reading everyones comments and been replying to as many as I can! I'm so glad that you are all enjoying this because it motivates me to continue writing! I honestly might not have gotten to chapter four without all your support! I hope you enjoy this one, but chapter 5 may not be uploaded right after this because i'm actually running low on ideas at the moment, which begs the question; are you okay with more lowkey chapters that are kind of like connected oneshots but are also story relevant but arent crazy like chapter 3? LMK!!!

Twitter: @Peachy\_Heartt feel free to follow, it is easier to talk to you all on there!!!

Wilbur, his brother, his partner, his friend...

Wilbur, the man who blew up L'manburg...

Wilbur, the man who forced Phil to kill him...

Wilbur...

Tommy was frozen. He was just standing and staring at Wilbur, who was doing the same. No one knew what to say, and no one knew if they could speak even if they found the words.

Then, Wilbur walked close to Tommy...

"Hey, Toms..." He smiled softly, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"How...How are you *alive* ? I...I saw your ghost...you *left me alone* ! Wilbur, why would you do that to me?!" Tommy wanted to be angry, he wanted to scream and cry and punch Wilbur in the face, but his emotions betrayed him.

Light blue. The color of a warm calmness. The color of healing and happiness and understanding.

The color of Tommy's crown.

Tommy was happy to have his family back. His *whole family was back* . He hugged Wilbur, crying into his warm yellow sweater, cursing quietly between sobs. Wilbur, in turn, wrapped his arms around him.

"I'm sorry, Toms...They revived me, but I have no memory of what Ghostbur did. They never told me where you were. They said you just up and left after I died. That you hated L'manburg..." Wilbur put a hand through his hair. Tommy looked up at him.

"They...They exiled me and didn't even tell my brother..." The tears didn't stop streaming down his face even when he tried to compose himself. He couldn't tell the line between his sadness and happiness. He just didn't want to lose his big brother again...

"I...I'm so sorry, Toms, I-" He finally noticed the matching outfits. "What's with the cultist looks?" He chuckled quietly, glancing at Techno and Phil, who was still stood frozen, they weren't going to interrupt the moment, but they had so many questions.

Tommy shook his head and turned to Phil and Techno. "Can...Can he come home with us...?"

"What? Tommy, of course, he can!" Phil was taken aback that Tommy thought he had to ask. Wilbur was family; that didn't change. Tommy smiled softly and begrudgingly pulled away from the hug with Wilbur. In place, taking his hand and leading them all home. Wilbur taking in their outfits until he realized.

Winter outfits...heading north...white and blue...crowns...

*'They finally brought it back, huh?'* Wilbur thought, a slight sigh escaping his mouth with a small grin.

...

There they were, sitting on the couch.

"How?" Phil was the first to speak. He needed answers. Wilbur sighed and looked him in the eyes.

"From what they told me, it was the same way you cure a zombie. But apparently, I had been giving people the materials *to* heal me. I guess I knew but couldn't tell." Wilbur explained. The memory of them explaining it to him was fuzzy, but he knew the gist of what happened. Phil hummed in response.

"Why didn't you come and find us?" Techno demanded an answer. His tone was low and quiet. It was clear that he was angry, his brother was alive, and his family didn't know. It had been *a month* .

"You disappeared! The last thing I remember was getting stabbed by Phil and you bringing out the Withers! I didn't even know where to start looking, so I hoped you would come to visit L'manburg!" Techno rolled his eyes, humming in reply. He was never the best at being on the losing side of a discussion. "Now, Tommy, The Antarctic Empire? *Really?* I started a country with you, and you *abandoned* it!" Tommy looked down, looking at the sword that Techno had gifted him.

Dark Blue. Color of truth, sadness, depth, and truth. The truth that this is the same Wilbur that appointed Tommy as president so that he can blow up Tommys L'manburg.

Dark Blue. The color of Tommy's crown.

Phil rose and walked up to Wilbur, his expression unreadable.

Phil's hand connected with Wilbur's cheek.

Silence, no one dared say anything. Phil was pissed, but in his usual calm demeanor, he didn't yell.

" *How dare you,*" Phil started. "Tommy was *exiled* ! He didn't abandon shit! *You* abandoned *him* ! The moment that you chose to be the bad guy was the moment you left his side. He was in a war against his idol, and you *chose* to make him fight it alone! *You* made the boy grow up too fast! He shouldn't have to build a nation, he shouldn't have to lead a nation, he shouldn't have to carry the weight of an entire country on his shoulders! *He shouldn't have forgiven you, but he did. because he is the best thing in our lives.* " Phil glared down at him, Wilbur still stunned that Phil hit him.

"You should have given him the best life." And with that, Phil walked off to his room the assumed. No one was going to stop him, not when he was angry. Techno got up a moment later and left for his room.

"It...It was Dream. When I was in exile Dream was continually tormenting me. He was the only one who came to visit me, and I thought it was okay. At least I had someone who willingly came to me...after a few weeks of it just being him, I started having thoughts...dark, dark thoughts..." Tommy hesitated, wiping away the tears that were pooling in his eyes. "Then Phil and Techno came and brought me to the Empire. They actually cared about my feelings. They aren't the villains in L'manburgs story. They are the heroes..." Tommy finally looked up at Wilbur, a sad smile on his face.

"Tommy...I didn't know...I'm so sorry..." Wilbur was looking at him remorsefully, the malice in his eyes gone. "I shouldn't have forced you into the wars. I'm so sorry, Toms..." Before he knew it, Tommy was hugging him again.

"I know, Wilby, I know..." Tommy said calmly, but his actions betrayed him. He was clutching Wilbur's shirt for support. But Wilbur broke at the nickname, tears streaming down his face as he hugged Tommy back.

The two kept chatting until night came, catching up on the small things that have happened. Explaining more of the Antarctic Empire. But then Tommy left to go to bed, content with having his whole family in the same house for one more night. The first time since before Project: Earth.

...

*Tommy sat up, confused he looked around. Gasping when he realized where he was.*

*'I'm...I'm still exiled...' He got off the bench that he was lying on, which he made near the ocean. Tommy dropped to his knees and let out a choked sob, the tears showing no sign of stopping as he remembered the Empire, and Techno, and Phil, and Wilbur...He didn't want it to be a dream...A...Dream...*

*"NO! No! no, no, please, no! I want my dad!" Tommy yelled at no one, finding it harder and harder to breathe. Then he heard it...*

*A chuckle, not a fun chuckle like Technoblades, evil, and malicious laughter that made Tommy's heart stop.*

*"Oh, Tommy~! You thought they cared about you, huh, Tommy? You thought they came back? Well, news flash, they don't. They never will." Dream spat, hatred in each word that he spoke. His words only making Tommy cry harder and making his vision sway more; he didn't want this, he didn't deserve this, he wanted his family...*

*"Tommy, are you listening? Tommy? ..."*

"Tommy!"

Tommy shot up from his lying position on...his...bed? Tommy looked around and spotted all of them. His *family*. They all looked worried. Why? Then he felt water dripping down his cheeks. When he touched them, he knew what they were. It has been there far too many times for him, not to.

"Toms, what happened?" Phil asked, his voice soft and calm and...grounding, so grounding that Tommy had almost forgotten the whole nightmare in the first place. But the image of waking up alone in an area that you could never truly call home was seared into his head like a hot iron.

" 's just a nightmare..." Tommy brought his legs to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. Phil walked over to him and sat by his side, pulling him into a hug, Techno walking and sitting next to him too but not interrupting the hug.

"Wanna talk about it?" Phil asked, rubbing circles into Tommy's back.

"I...I was back at the camp Ghostbur, and I made...but...I-I was alone," Tommy stammered. "But then Dream came...and kept- kept telling me h-how everyone hates m-e..." Tommy choked out a sob, finally letting himself cry into Phil's top.

But he knew he wasn't there,

He knew he wasn't alone anymore.

# Shattered

## Chapter Summary

A window and a blade

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this one took a bit longer, had a bit of writers block! But all your comments really helped! You should go follow my twitter @Peachy\_Heartt, it has great insight on behind the scenes stuff and also its just a good way for me to communicate with you. Also sometimes my tweets are funny cause i cannot spell for SHIT

After half an hour of comforting, Tommy felt good enough to let everyone leave so that he can get dressed. He decided to not wear the fancy prince outfit and instead wear his regular red and white shirt with jeans, but with one added accessory so that he wouldn't get cold.

Wilbur's brown jacket.

He grabbed it without thinking. If he was, then he wouldn't have even touched the thing. But he also didn't want to get rid of it. He didn't know what would happen to Wilbur. he was dead before, and it can happen again.

Tommy wandered downstairs, spotting his family quietly chatting in the kitchen. They paused when they spotted him. They looked him up and down before their expressions becoming one of confusion and fear, except for Wilbur.

"Toms...what are you wearing?" Phil quietly asked, setting down his cup of coffee and walking closer to him. Tommy looked down and gasped.

"I-I didn't realize I was wearing it, I swear!" Tommy shook the jacket off of him, it falling onto the floor as he backed away from it, noticing the hole in the back from where the sword entered.

Wilbur chuckled, a gleam of mischief and corruption entering his eyes once again. Tommy sucked

in a breath when he noticed, taking a subconscious step back from him.

"You kept it, Tommy! I knew you would come around! Now we can destroy that place *together*!" Wilbur got up, a wicked smile on his face. Unbeknownst to Wilbur, Techno stood up and slowly took a step closer to him.

"No! Wilbur, I didn't keep it because of that!"

"Well, of course, you did! And you wore it without thinking! You obviously want to be the bad guy! You joined the Empire! The Empire that struck fear into everyone's hearts and took over the world! Tommy, you don't understand, you-" A swift movement and a sword were to Wilbur's neck.

"Technoblade, unhand me immediately!" Wilbur growled.

"This is the exact reason why Phil did it in the first place. If you weren't like this, then he would have killed you even if you asked." Techno responded in a low tone. Wilbur opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out. Tommy was staring at him, wide-eyed in fear. He didn't want to go back to Pogtopia Wilbur, he didn't want bad Wilbur, he didn't want to *be the bad guy*.

Techno released him with a harsh push, Wilbur falling onto the floor on his hands and knees. He stared at the floor quietly for *a moment*. Then he laughed, a terrible, wicked laugh.

"Tommy, you won't even destroy L'manburg when you are a part of a different country entirely! What kind of fucking traitor are you?!" He looked up at Tommy with a smile. "You know, maybe they were right to exile you! They obviously knew you would join Technoblade at some-" Techno kicked him across the room, his expression unreadable but dark, very dark...

Wilbur was out cold.

Phil shook his head. "That's not our Wilbur, they revived him, but they didn't bring *our* Wilbur back. I don't know how we can except for taking away all the memories about the Election away and then filling in blanks but leaving out certain details, or we kill him again." Phil knew of the consequences to both, he didn't want to do either, but he also knew which one they were all going to have to do. No one wished to have Wilbur dead again.

So Phil picked Wilbur up and brought Wilbur to the couch.



"I'll be in my lab figuring out a way to do this if you need me, make sure that when he wakes up, he doesn't destroy anything. And please, god, keep him away from our weapons and TNT room." He said before walking off.

Tommy was shocked, staring at the ground with a hand over his mouth, his brother was back, but it wasn't the brother he expected. He thought that when they talked last night that everything would be better, but it's not. It's far from better.

Tommy jumped when he felt a hand land on his shoulder, he was so zoned out from his surroundings that he didn't realize Technoblade had walked over with a worried expression.

"Toms, wanna talk about it? I know it's tough, but I'll be able to understand." Techno asked, his tone soft. A significant switch from when he attacked Wilbur. But Tommy shook his head.

"No...I just want to distract myself..." Techno nodded.

"I have an idea. Why don't I train you today? We can't go out and train till Wilbur is up so we can keep an eye on him, but I can teach you some other basic survival tricks. How does that sound?"

"Sounds good" Tommy smiled up at him, glad to spend some time with his eldest brother. Techno nodded and sat Tommy down on a chair near the unconscious Wilbur but not near enough that Tommy has to stare at him. Then they began.

...

With a fuzzy head and unclear vision, Wilbur sat up and attempted to adjust. He got his vision to work and cleared his head with a groan, finally noticing the noise around him, the chatting about...golded apples and carrots? He looked around and saw Tommy and Techno talking. He smirked when he decided on what to say since they hadn't realized he was awake yet.

"Wow, Technoblade! Mr. Blood god! Look's like a kick from you won't even keep me down for long!" He smiled mischievously, hearing the grunt Techno made.

"It wasn't meant to kill you, Wilbur." His tone was cold. He didn't even look at Wilbur. This

stunned him for a moment, but he kept his composure and prideful demeanor as Tommy and Techno stood up in unison as if they knew something he didn't.

"Ohhh, where are you guy's going?" Techno walked over and forced Wilbur to his feet. "Damn, no need to be rude! Y'could has just asked." He said, following as Tommy and Techno grabbed their blue capes and coats. He would be lying if he said he wasn't jealous of the beautiful fabric that the whole family except him matched with.

They walked outside, and Techno brought Wilbur to a seat. Wilbur didn't know what was going on until Tommy drew his sword a few feet away from him.

Facing Techno.

Wilbur quietly gasped. Was he really about to fight Technoblade? Wilbur may be insane, but he is no idiot. He knew that even Dream cannot take on Technoblade. He was worried and needed to do something, but he also didn't want to make it obvious, so he said a few words, but a few words that were definitely not the right thing to say.

"Aw, come on, Toms! No need to fight! You know the L'manburgian way, we fight with words, not swords! Put the sword down, yeah? Just leave it on you for decoration. I know you like to seem intimidating when you are just a little baby boy!" Wilbur called out with a smile. Tommy tried to keep his composure, but he has had enough with people looking down on him, thinking he is less than, thinking he isn't strong,

That is precisely why he is training with the best in the world.

Tommy turned to face Wilbur, he was pissed, and everyone could tell.

"Can you *shut up?! All you have ever done is look down on me and think I can't fight my own battle! I can train with Technoblade if I want to! And I'm not a L'manburgian, I never will be, not when you all think the same.*" Tommy pointed his sword at Wilbur, who didn't dare move or say anything.

"If I could kill you, I would, but if there is a chance that I can get my brother back, then I won't do it. But if the ideas don't work out, then you are a dead man." Tommy spat, venom in each word he spoke. Wilbur only nodded and sat back as Tommy faced Technoblade again.

'Tommy isn't a little kid anymore...' Wilbur thought before zoning out of the training that Tommy and Techno were doing.

...

Somewhere along the line, Wilbur had fallen asleep on the bench. So when he was abruptly shaken to be woken up, he was somewhat startled, but he looked up to see Techno's usual dull face.

"Get up. We are done." Techno stated as he walked away, Tommy close behind. Wilbur got up quickly and followed the pair, not wanting to be left behind.

After a few hours, the family ate and went to sleep in their respective rooms; Wilbur barely trusted enough to get his own.

...

Tommy jumped up to the loud sound of glass breaking in his room, his first thought was to run and get Techno and Phil, but after a quick assessment of the dimly lit floor, he realized that there was glass all over and he would just have to yell. But he first needed to figure out what happened, that didn't take long when he saw *him* at the foot of his bed.

"'Mornin' Tommy~," Dream said, but no tone of affection was evident, only hatred. While Tommy was stunned, Dream took this chance to grab Tommy and pull him out of the broken window.

"Techno, Phil, Wil-!" Tommy tried to scream at the top of his lungs, but his words being cut off by Dream's hand.

Then he was gone.

# Blood on my hands...

## Chapter Summary

Techno pays someone a visit...

## Chapter Notes

Nothing important to say other than follow my twitter @Peachy\_Heartt!!!

Techno sat up quickly when he heard Tommy yell. He ran and grabbed his sword before running up to Tommy's room.

'Fuck, this castle is way too big! I swear I am moving that child's room closer to mine!' He thought to himself as he ran. When he made it to the room, he knocked, to no response.

"Tommy? Tommy?! Tommy, open this door!" Techno pleaded. When he didn't even hear anything coming from the room, he kicked down the door, the rush of adrenaline guiding him.

"Tommy?!" Techno yelled as the door was knocked down. He turned on the lights and noticed the broken glass...the broken glass coming from the window in Tommy's room...

"Tommy, if this is a joke, I swear I will kill you!" Techno tried to sound angry, but it came out like a whimper. By this time, Phil had finally gotten up from all the sounds and came to check if everything was alright, only to find a frantic Technoblade searching anywhere and everywhere in Tommy's room...with...tears streaming down his face...

"Techno, what happened? Why is there glass on the ground? Where is Tommy?" Techno quickly turned to Phil, the amount of distress the boy was in evident.

"Tommy's gone, Phil! Either he left on his own, or someone got him, and I think we both know which one is more likely! Phil, I was going to keep him safe! Make sure that nothing bad ever happens to him again! And I failed! I failed *so fucking much!* "

Phil walked over and hugged the boy, Techno latching onto him. Techno may be stoic and cold, but he is human, and he cares about his family more than he cares about himself. If Tommy died, then Techno wouldn't know what to do with himself. Wilbur dying he could deal with because Wilbur had gone insane, but Tommy was young, kind, outgoing. Yeah, he was a bit reckless at times, but what kid isn't?

Techno *had* to find Tommy.

...

After a little while, Techno and Phil had left the room to formulate a plan. They knew who the prime suspect was, and they knew they were ready for that battle, but if Dream had done this, that meant he was too. Techno was leading the conversation, they needed allies they could trust, but they also knew that most of L'manburg knew about what Dream did and still stuck with the country. They could only rely on themselves, but that wasn't going to be enough.

They needed to help Wilbur...

Phil woke up Wilbur and brought him to his lab. Techno didn't understand any of that stuff, so he was left out of the whole thing. But that didn't mean he was going to just be sitting around the castle all day.

Technoblade put on his Antarctic outfit, his axe, and sword in his hands, and left to L'manburg. If he couldn't spill Dream's blood yet, then he was going to get the second-best.

...

Techno walked into the borders of L'manburg. He was immediately spotted and backed away from. This aura was dark, and his expression was full of bloodlust and anger. No one wanted to be the first person to talk to him...or to talk to him at all in this state. But then he spotted Quackity. He walked up to him and pulled him by the collar of his shirt.

"Where in the fuck is Tommy? I swear to fucking god if he isn't back soon, then your whole nation is being blown to oblivion, and the number of people whose lives will be lost will be uncountable." He warned, the anger and hatred in his voice only growing. Quackity was terrified, he almost didn't reply, but he knew his chances of surviving were worse if he didn't.

"T-Technoblade, we-we don't know anything about Tommy! I swear! You can ask Tubbo. He is in ties with Dream! I may be vice president, but it's an empty title, I swear!" Quackity spoke quickly and nervously, wanting to either go hide and not leave until Techno leaves or warn the country. Techno growled and dropped Quackity, stomping off to the White House for some answers.

When Techno arrived, he spotted Tubbo already nervously pacing in his office.

*'It's as if he already knows, that little bastard.'* Techno thought as he walked in.

"Tubbo, we need to talk." Techno heard Tubbo quietly curse himself as he faced Techno, Techno leaning on the wall as he tried to act calm.

"Mr. Blade, you threatened the country. I know you are better at fighting, but we have safety in numbers. If you would please leave." Tubbo kept his composure, continuously telling himself that he would have done so already if Technoblade wanted to kill him.

"No." Techno deadpanned

"Pardon? Technoblade, you are *very* banned from this country! There are wanted posters all over!" Tubbo said as his hand tried to find the emergency button that he is in trouble.

Techno quickly drew his sword, pointing it straight at Tubbo. "I wouldn't do that if I were you." Tubbo followed his gaze to the button...the button that would save him if he was in danger...the button that was explicitly made if Technoblade came again...

Tubbo moved his hand, and Techno dropped his sword. With a sigh, Tubbo nodded.

"What did you need to speak to me about?"

"Tommy. Tommy is fucking missing, and with all the shit Dream put him through, Dream is the main suspect of kidnapping him. Now guess who has been in cahoots with Dream this whole time?" Techno's relaxed persona was suddenly off all at once, now Tubbo was even more nervous, knowing that the dangerous man in the whole country and maybe the world was in front of him with hatred in his eyes.

"Technoblade, I don't know where Tommy is. And I can bet that Dream doesn't know as well. How do you know that Tommy didn't just run away? He has wanted to before."

"Because of the glass laying on his bedroom floor, if he broke it to leave, then the glass would be outside, not in his room. But it was broken from the outside, so that means someone was trying to get in. Also, Mr. President, Tommy could be in fucking *danger!* He was your best friend, so you would *think* you would want him to be alive! But I guess I was wrong, god you are so selfish. You know, I almost had respect for you when I realized how well L'manburg was doing, but when Quackity told me that *the second in command*, the vice- *president* , was an empty title, I realized, yeah, *you* are the selfish one, not Tommy. You were someone who made him grow up too fast. You can do it all you want but Tommy sure as hell didn't! Jesus christ Tubbo, *you* shouldn't even be in power because you are also sixteen!" Techno took a step forward. He grabbed and pulled Tubbo up by his tie.

"If you don't help find Tommy, then I will keep my promise in blowing this godforsaken country to smithereens. Even more, then I'm going to do already. Might as well start calling this the Antarctic Empire." Techno growled. Tubbo whimpered. Techno was right in saying that he was never prepared for this kind of job. He never understood the severity of his actions. It was like he is playing house.

"I'll have Dream-"

"No! God dammit, Tubbo, don't you understand?! Dream is the person who took Tommy! He will only lie to you!" Techno was tempted to kill Tubbo right then and there, but he was just a kid. He never really had any plans to ever kill Tubbo. Tubbo nodded at the statement.

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Blade, I'll have Karl, Quackity, and Fundy look for him!" Tubbo was scared for his like. He had never actually seen Technoblade this angry, and he never wanted to see it again. Techno finally let Tubbo go and turned around, facing the door.

"I will stop at nothing to find Tommy, and If that means killing everyone in this country, then so be it. I would advise against getting in my way." He gave one last warning before leaving. Walking back to the castle.

Tubbo slides down his desk, the situation only just now hitting him.

"Tommy...Is...gone? And-And my brother- My brother might be the one who took him..." Tubbo sat there for a bit and let himself cry. He lost his best friend the moment he exiled him, and now he might have lost him for real, and he could be one of the people with his blood on his hands.





# Unsure

## Chapter Summary

A nightmare and A dream

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long!!! Been going through writers block so i needed to get through this one, thats also why this is a shorter chapter than the rest. Still a thousand words though so not too short!!

Twitter: @Peachy\_Heartt

*'A voice? Wait no- **my** voice. Why can't I hear what I'm saying? Why can't I see?' I blink a few times to get my vision back then, it took a few seconds, but I could finally see my hands and surroundings. But why am I still talking without thinking? Why can't I move?*

*"God, Tommy, you are so useless! You tried to run away and go to fucking Technoblade?! They don't want you. They never did!" What- Tommy?! I finally pay attention and see the broken child in front of me, cuts and bruises all over his body. Then a glimpse of a green sweater.*

*'Wait where I am-?!'*

...

Techno woke up in a cold sweat. Quickly sitting up, he looked around and realized he was at home. As he peered out the window, he realized that it was still very dark. Looking at the clock on his wall, he realized it was only 3 am.

'No better time than now to find Tommy.'

Technoblade got up and messily changed his clothes, quickly running to his kitchen and eating before he ran out and started to look for Tommy once again.

"That nightmare felt so real..." He muttered as he trudged through the thick layer of snow. As much as he wanted to remember the nightmare, the memory of what happened in the nightmare quickly faded as most dreams do. Technoblade brushed off the nightmare and started to walk to Tommy's old exile area. It felt like the right place to start.

As Techno looked around the camp's ruins, he realized that the stuff had been moved since the last time he was there. By Dream or Tommy, he didn't know, but the area was different.

A lead.

Techno wiped any tears from his eyes as he found no sign of Tommy, he knew it was unlikely, but he was still upset that his little brother wasn't right next to him with a bright smile.

But he would continue for however long it takes, even if it takes his life.

...

Tubbo was pacing in the center of New L'manburg, waiting for Dream to arrive. He had called Dream to talk even if Technoblade had warned against it, but to be safe, Fundy, Quackity, and Ranboo would be watching the conversation from afar in case things went south.

It had been an hour since their planned meeting time, and Tubbo was beginning to lose hope in his brother. The DreamSMP is not even a five-minute walk from L'manburg, so Dream must have been far...far enough so that no one can hear Tommy's scream- no. He needed to have faith in his brother.

"Tubbo!" Tubbo perked up, hearing the voice of his brother Tubbo turned to the older.

"Dream." Tubbo kept a firm tone, knowing the severity of the situation. Technoblade's words stuck closely to him as though they were defining the boy, and he needed to fix it.

"Why so serious? Has something happened?" Dream questioned, standing in front of the boy.

"This is about Tommy. He has gone missing once again, and if he does not return to his family soon and unharmed, then Technoblade has threatened the country's livelihood. Dream, *please*, if you know where he is, just give him back to Mr. Minecraft and The blade." Tubbo began to plead as Dream only raised an eyebrow as a reply.

"Tubbo, Didn't you know? Tommy...Killed himself." Dream sighed and looked down as Tubbo gasped.

"W-what?! Dream! When Technoblade finds out about this, we will be screwed! But above that, Tommy is my best friend! Don't joke about that!" Tubbo was in shock. His best friend was dead because of his incompetence because he didn't know when to stop because he put an unrecognized country over his best friend.

But he didn't know that Tommy was alive. Suffering. But alive none the less.

"We *can't* tell Technoblade. At all costs, he cannot find out. You are dismissed." Tubbo kept his composure before quickly walking off to the White House, locking the door behind him before sliding down. Letting the misery of his 'dead' best friend consume him.

...

Techno sat on a cliffside as the sun rose over the horizon, red, orange, and blue filling the sky as Technoblade thought.

Thought about his missing brother. Thought about the ways he can keep him safe. Thought about where he went wrong. Thought about his past mistakes. Thought about his past.

Technoblade was a cold and quiet man, known for being stoic and smart but kind and loving to his family. He never let the outside world see his true feelings as he thought of them as a weakness. He felt that he was better than Dream because his emotions usually didn't drive him. But when Tommy went missing, so did his reasoning. He always slept in late, but here he was, enjoying the sight of the dawn of the new day.

Philza Minecraft, the caring and paternal yet strong and skillful with a sword.

Wilbur Soot-Minecraft, The compassionate and musical type that fought with words instead of axe's.

Tommy Rouge-Minecraft, The loud and rambunctious type but strong, resilient, and logical when he needed to be.

But Technoblade?

Technoblade Dieu-Minecraft didn't know what he was. He always thought of himself as the iron wall, the man who couldn't only be struck down with words or a sword as he was skilled with both. But he never realized that his biggest weakness was his emotions. Something he tried so hard to bury and remove. But he thought that if he could harness his feelings, then he would be without weakness.

A god among men.

'The blood god' was merely a title to the man given to him by his weak opponents, people whose weaknesses weren't yet thought through and cared about. Yet Technoblade had an obsession with discovering every one of his weaknesses and turning them into a strength, to the point that one could even call that Technoblade's fault.

# Burns, bruises, and blood

## Chapter Summary

maybe the real nightmare was dream

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A week.

It had been a week since Tommy had gone missing, and Technoblades dreams of a beat and battered Tommy have only gotten worse. Each night his bruises and cuts worsen, and his willingness to stay with them man doing that to him increases.

Technoblade, after a few days, decided that he would take notes of the surrounding area in the dream. Finally, he had enough information to go looking.

Technoblade woke up in a cold sweat, a regular occurrence now. It was still dark when he looked outside, but he could tell that the hallway light was on through the crack in his door.

*"What? Is Phil still awake?"* He thought as he got up from his bed to investigate. A creak from the door as Techno silently left his room, following the trail of lights that were turned on.

As Techno was lead to the living room, he noticed the two figures chatting quietly on the couch. A man with gray wings and a smiling brunette.

His father.

His *brother* .

Techno subconsciously quickened his pace, Phil and Wilbur finally noticing the hybrid. Technoblade stood in front of the pair, but his eyes were only examing Wilbur.

"Soot."

"Dieu."

Technoblade was frozen; there was no malice in Wilbur's voice. Phil had done it. He had helped Wilbur.

Technoblade finally turned to Phil, "You did it...Does he remember anything?"

"He doesn't, but I made sure that he wrote down everything in a book before beginning. But it's the pacifist, musical Wilbur that we know and love." Phil smiled softly.

Techno contentedly sighed and ruffled Wilbur's hair, "Glad to have you back, nerd." Wilbur swatted away his hand.

"Do you know how long it takes to do my hair?! You're a dickhead." Wilbur stated with mock anger.

Technoblade chuckled before getting serious again, "Well, I'm glad you both are ready; because I believe I know where Tommy is." Phil stood quickly, Wilbur following his action after rapidly.

"Where?! And how did you find out?!" Phil asked, a tone of excitement and concern in his voice.

"The dreams I've been having, them being so repetitive and detailed, has got to mean something. Even if I'm wrong, we at least have got a place to look. Now get dressed. I'm not going to wait around for the sun." Techno stated before heading to his room to change, making sure to have Tommy's royal gown in a bag if they actually found him, and his clothes were as torn as they looked in the dreams.

When Technoblade left his room, he found everyone else had the same idea as him, wearing the Antarctic empire's blue look; even Wilbur, who Techno bet Phil made him the clothes.

Techno nodded at the others, "Ready to go? You both have weapons and pots, right?" Though Technoblade knew that it would be only a 1v3, he knew that Dream was powerful, *very powerful*,

so no matter what, they all needed to have their most robust gear and have the utmost precaution.

The others nodded a reply, swords and shields gripped in hand as they left.

Hours of walking through the tundra, desert, jungle, flower forest, grassy planes, but Techno gave no explanation as to where they were headed. All they knew was that it was far away.

...

It was night once more by now, but their determination to keep going had not gone less, but the tiredness in their legs may be a predicament.

But they kept going, kept ambling through the tall grass, kept blindly trailing behind Technoblade.

Then Technoblade suddenly froze and put his arm out to signal the others to halt as well. When they did, he pointed;

There was a light in the thick coat of darkness, not the light of just any lava pool as the light flickered and moved.

Someone was walking around with a torch.

They all slowly crept towards that light, making sure not to make any noise that could alert the person or people that they are there. As the group got closer, they hid behind a few trees to examine the person, waiting for them to come into view so that they could see if it was their Tommy.

Philza and Wilbur were finally able to take in their surroundings. They noticed that they were in the shattered savanna, the high and broken mountains that they had just mindlessly traversed surrounding them, covering anyway that someone would spot the area. The savanna heat was rather unbearable in their gowns that were created for the arctic cold.

Nevertheless, they kept quiet and waited.

But as Wilbur and Phil were distracted by analyzing their surroundings, Technoblade saw red as he saw Dream and a quiet and small looking Tommy.

Not the Tommy he knew and loved.

Tommy was loud, charismatic, and outgoing; what he saw right now was a broken child who was quiet and kept his body close to himself as he sat staring blindly at the lantern in front of him.

Technoblade knew now that his nightmares - no, visions, were real all along now that he saw the boy in the correct place. The bruises and cuts and words that hurt so much more than any sword or axe were all true...and it was all directed at Tommy.

Technoblade nudged his brother and father, knuckles white as he gripped tight on his sword before heading off to finally get back to their Tommy.

"Dream!" Technoblade yelled vision a crimson red, and words said with only the intent to kill.

Dream turned, startled slightly, "I guess I should have known you wouldn't have stopped looking. Persistent bastard. How are you, Technoblade? Wilbur, Phil?"

Techno growled and jumped at the taller man, sword, and shield, ready for a battle, the voices in his head that called for blood only getting louder, and Techno agrees with them this time.

"Cut the bullshit. I'm here for my brother. Give him back so that he does not have to watch me spill your blood."

## Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! Sorry this chapter took so much longer to get out, I had kind of let myself take a break over winter break because I didn't want to overwork myself. But I'm back now! I doubt the next chapter will be out tomorrow but it shouldn't take more



than a week I hope!

Don't forget to comment, they really keep me motivated and I really do read all of them even though I don't reply to all of them!

Twitter: @Peachy\_Heartt, follow for updates or just to see me being stupid or we can totally just chat!

one last thing, would any of you be interested in me opening up a discord server? It wouldn't be exclusively to chat about this fic, just so we can all talk and stuff! LMK in the comments or twitter DM's!!!

# Nine days too long

## Chapter Summary

Tommy's side of the story

[TW- PTSD, Suicidal thoughts(not detailed or long but still there), verbal and mental abuse. viewer discretion is advised

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

9 days before.

Monday...The day that Tommy had been kidnapped, all Tommy could remember was screaming for his family before Dream hit him with a swift punch, knocking him out. After that, Tommy had been in and out of consciousness the whole day. Memories of dreams about being with his family being all he could think about.

...

Tuesday...Tommy woke up with a painful headache, his head pounding. The mid-day sun had not helped as the light was far too bright for his eyes. As he looked around, he was confused. He had not remembered being in the savanna, let alone being in the savanna *by himself*. He looked down at himself and noticed he was in his iconic red and white shirt, odd considering that the last thing he remembered at that moment was being in his bed, in his pajamas.

Tommy stood and looked around once more, now more awake, trying to get some answers. But then he saw a certain green man leaning on a tree, his smug face apparent even if his face was covered with a mask. Tommy had gotten rather good at reading the man's emotions due to how long he had spent with him.

Tommy took a step back from him, Dream noticing this and getting up from his leaning position and taking a step closer to the boy. Tommy's memory of shattered glass came back to him as his fear of the man in front of him grew.

"W-what are you doing, D-Dream..." Tommy asked, his body trembling more and more, as the memories of the three hellish months he spent with Dream flooding back all at once. Bruises that had long since healed suddenly burning as if they were brand new.

"Oh, Tommy, you should have known that you were going to come back to me at some point~" Dream taunted as Tommy collapsed to his knees, tears that he didn't know were there starting to fall.

"T-Technoblade will save me! He's my family. He'll kick your butt!" Tommy tried to fire back, but the disbelief in his own words was evident.

"Tommy, you're torturing yourself! You know that's just not true. He's only using you as an excuse to destroy L'manberg! Once he has done that, then you would be back with me anyway! I'm only saving you and helping him finish up faster." Dream looked down at the boy, the pleasure in the boy's fear was unmistakable in every word he spoke.

"I'm your only friend Tommy, don't you ever forget that, or you'll regret it." Tommy gasped and let out a whimper as he sat back and grabbed at his hair, something he had begun to do a few weeks into the constant panic attacks during exile. Dream's words engrained themselves into Tommy's head no matter how much Tommy didn't want them to.

Dream had learned exactly how to get into Tommy's head. Tommy had always relied on the people around him to help him get out of his own head and feel better within himself, which is why he had been so vulnerable to Dream. His mind kept telling him that Dream was always right because he was the only person around him. It was absolute hell.

That night as Tommy was climbing a tree, Tommy had mumbled something about Dream being wrong and a 'fuck you.' Causing the man to shoot the boy out of the tree with his flame bow, causing a rather painful burn and wound. But the abuse didn't stop there...it never did. Many words that should never be uttered were told to the child.

Tommy wanted to go back home...

...

Wednesday...Tommy had woken up and immediately looked at his arm. The unbearable pain of the untreated wound made this experience all the worse. But the pain in his arm was not the thing

that surprised him. It was the fact that his arm had been chained up to a tree in his sleep, presumably to keep him from running off. Though Tommy didn't know why at that moment, he figured it out relatively quick when he realized that the older man was nowhere to be seen.

Though the absence of Dream brought the boy some comfort, Tommy hated being alone. It scared him.

Tommy curled up near the tree that he was chained to and let the broken sobs escape. This may be the only time that he will be allowed to audibly cry again, so he didn't try and stop the tears. Tommy watched the clouds go by as he daydreamed being with Techno, Phil, and Wilbur once again. He just wanted a hug that felt like home...

Sadly he had not heard the footsteps behind him as Dream got back...

"Pfft, look at you! You look more pathetic than usual, and that is saying a lot considering you always look so fucking pathetic!" Dream sneered, the smiling mask on Dreams face almost silently mocking the younger.

"God, you are so useless. I can see why no one even noticed you were missing." Dream jeered before knocking Tommy down with a swift kick to his side, Tommy accidentally letting out a whimper of pain.

The sounds of Tommys pain only fueling Dreams want to hurt the boy...

So he continued to hit him.

...

Thursday...With no items on him, Tommy began to do what he did in exile and start fresh. But this time, Ghostbur and his friends weren't there to help him. Instead, he was stuck with Dream yelling out insults, saying, "You are so useless, you can't even get iron without hurting yourself!" before quickly following up with, "you should be so glad I'm your friend, don't worry, pet, I'll make sure you arent so pathetic anymore!"

Each sentence confused Tommy.

"Is Dream my friend? No! Dream hits me! But he is the only one staying with me...No one else knows where I am! I don't know that..." Tommy was so mentally unwell that he began to doubt what he trusted to be true.

Was it fair that he was exiled?

Was each fight and war and argument his fault?

Did he deserve to get hit?

*Was Dream, right?*

Though Tommy began to feel a sick sense of comfort from not being alone, and instead, having Dream with him; Dream didn't stop kicking Tommy when he was already down...

Mentally *and* physically...

...

The next five days were a blur of reassurances from Dream that he was his only friend, followed by words of ill intent and beatings. No matter what Tommy felt he could do, he never thought that he could please the man. Until he said those few words...

"You are my only friend..."

Tommy will never forget the way that Dream reacted, first:

Shock...Dream couldn't believe it, he had done it! He had been able to break the boy down enough that he gave in! He had that goal for months, and he was so very close until Technoblade came along...

Then, the smugness...Dream felt more powerful than he ever had before. He had always known he was physically strong and could beat most in a duel. But beating someone and breaking them down mentally was not something easy, especially to someone like Tommy.

"There you go pet~. Now you understand!" Dream looked down at the boy before making him sit. Dream kneeled next to him,

"I'll always be your only friend because *everyone* hates you!"

Malice

Venom

Revenge

Hatred

Hatefullness

Each was apparent in every word that Dream said, but none quiet explains well enough.

But Dream decided that the boy had not had enough. He took out the chain that he used to chain Tommy to the tree a few days ago and did it again. But he put it around his neck...

"There you go! Now you look like the stupid fucking kicked puppy that you are!" Dreams tone was always happy when he said these words, but the words themselves never held the same happiness.

And that is what broke Tommy.

The feeling that he's being lied to.

The feeling that he is being looked down upon.

The feeling that Dream is *correct*.

Tommy was left there those days, left on his own on a chain. Mumbling incoherent sentences and reassurances that he didn't quite believe while tears that never stopped wet the ground below him.

He would do anything to get out of this nightmare...

*Anything* .

## Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! Hope you enjoyed this, it was a lot different than how i usually write but it was fun!

Please please please comment! They really keep me motivated and i love to read them all!

# From my little brother

## Chapter Summary

The blood god and a Demon  
who will prevail?

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this one took so long! kinda got obsessed with grinding minecraft-

'The Orphan Obliterator'

The enchanted sword that the Blood God wields.

No one has ever held the sword other than the man himself, and only his family knows the enchantments of the blade.

The blade is light but long, able to hit enemies from a range that standard swords could not, light for the lightning speed attacks that Technoblade has become accustomed to.

Technoblade is known for writing his opponent's story in their own blood, and Dream's land is no exception. He has not lost a fight yet, and he is not planning on letting this one be any different.

...

The two stood there with their swords ready for what felt like an eternity, neither wanting to be the one to make the first move.

But Technoblade was stubborn. He would stand there all day if he had to. And Dream knew this.



Dream swung the first strike, his own sword being met with Technos in a quick block.

"Rookie mistake." Technoblade teased before quickly pushing Dream off and making his first move, the attack was strong and swift, but they both knew this fight would not be over soon.

The first time they had a duel, it was for fun, and they had all the same gear, but this was a battle to the death, and the result could come down to who has the stronger sword.

So they kept going, the attacks getting faster and faster, and their shields getting more and more worn down.

They would attack till some drops dead.

...

As much as Wilbur and Phil would love to watch the fight, there was a child that they needed to help.

The pair ran over to Tommy and sat next to him.

"Toms? Can you hear me?" Phil asked quietly, he didn't know how much the child had been through, and he didn't want to startle the boy, so he kept his words low and soft.

Tommy slowly nodded and looked over to Phil, then to Wilbur.

"I'm...I'm sorry...You can go now..." Tommy looked at them, his eyes empty but also filled with so much overwhelming emotion. Phil couldn't bear it, his son was hurt, and he wasn't there to help him.

Wilbur reached out to put a hand on Tommy's shoulder, only to get a flinch in response.

And with that, Wilbur was fuming. Tommy was hurt so much, and Wilbur was pissed. He wanted to rip out Dreams heart and set it on fire.

But Technos fight wasn't only for glory; it was for Tommy, it was for honor.

Wilbur kept his anger hidden away the best he could so that he could help Tommy for right now.

"Oh, Tommy...It's okay. You didn't do anything wrong. There's no need to apologize. We're here for you now." Phil stated the warmth in his world, convincing Tommy to relax slightly.

"But...I am a useless child...Even the country that I helped build didn't want me..." Tommy looked down at his dirt-covered hands.

"Tommy, you *aren't* useless. And L'manburg is stupid for not wanting you. They are *wrong* for not liking you. You are just a kid, and you are allowed to have fun, and having fun will mean having a few mistakes. Tommy, can I hug you?" Phil sounded so stern with his words, saying them like they were the most factual thing he has ever said.

Tommy was stunned. He couldn't form words, so he just nodded his head. Allowing Wilbur and Phil to wrap him in a warm embrace.

The hug was so warm...so caring...so genuine...so... *loving*...

Tommy let out a quiet sob as they hugged him. he had only been gone for a week but that week felt like years. He clutched onto his father's shirt as if he were going to disappear if he were to let go, and Tommy believed he would slightly. He didn't want this all to be a dream.

Phil stroked Tommy's hair, letting the boy relax as he pulled him into his lap. Tommy was maybe sixteen, but he was always Phil's little boy, and his little boy needed his comfort right now.

"Phil! Wilbur! Fucking- grab Tommy and run!"

Phil was pulled back to reality when he heard Techno yell. When he looked over, he realized that Dream had placed TNT and started to run over to them, Techno close behind.

Phil got up with Tommy in his arms, knowing that the boy probably wouldn't be able to run even if he tried. Wilbur got up and got his sword ready if he needed to fight; Wilbur wasn't known for his fighting, but this is one fight he is willing to take.

Phil and Wilbur ran. Phil didn't like the thought that he was leaving Technoblade behind, but he also knew Technoblade wasn't an idiot and can fight his own battles.

"Give me back, Tommy, Philza! I'll kill him next time I get my hands on him if you don't!" Dream growled, obviously still close behind.

"You won't get him! Never again!" Phil yelled back. His mind was going a thousand miles an hour as he looked for a quick escape.

...

Technoblade has fought many people and taken many lives in the past, but he has never wanted to kill anyone more than he wanted to kill Dream right now. So when Dream started to run after the three people in his life that he cared about, he decided that mercy will never and has never been an option.

Technoblade had told Phil and Wilbur to run. The TNT that Dream placed was enough to kill Tommy in his weak state. He wouldn't let that happen when Tommy was so close to being with the family again.

But he also knew that if he just kept running after Dream, then this fight would never end, so the man did the one thing he could think of.

The blood god tackled the demon.

Technoblade had Dream pinned to the ground. There was nowhere he could run, and even if Dream somehow managed to get up, there was no way that he could catch up with Phil, Wilbur, and Tommy now.

"You've gone too far, Dream. Tommy is a fucking *child*!"

"Oh, come on, Technoblade, I'm his only friend. He *needs* me!"

"That's where you are wrong, Dream. Tommy is *your* only friend. You lost all of yours away when you decided that abusing a child was worth more than the friends you started the DreamSMP with."

"What are you talking about?!"

Explosions can be heard, Technoblade knows they are far enough away that they won't get hurt, Dream does not.

"George and Sapnap, Dream! They would have fought the world for you, but you pushed them away! Even Punz, he has been your right-hand man from the start of these stupid wars, but you barely talk to him!" Technoblade pulled out his blade silently as he looked down at Dream, fire, and hate in his eyes.

"I'll just respawn, Techno," Dream smirked.

"Maybe so, but taking your first life means you are one step closer to not."

Dream couldn't respond. Technoblade was right, and when he finally took his life, the death message would be sent to everyone's communicators. Then they would know it is possible.

"You shouldn't have messed with my family."

...

[Dream was slain by Technoblade]

# murmurs

## Chapter Summary

A collection of reactions from the people of the SMP

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone in the borders of the DreamSMP saw the news in their communicators. The sentence struck relief into every one, but the fear of knowing there was an inflamed Technoblade, *who can kill Dream*, walking around.

Though the first death of Dream may have been a cause for celebration, no church bells could be heard—only the collective gasps, tears, smiles, or all of the above. Still, everyone has different reactions...

...

Tubbo.

Tubbo was pacing in his office like he had been every day since he found out Tommy was gone. Tubbo knew he was told that Tommy was dead, but he wouldn't let himself believe that. He *couldn't*.

Then he got the message.

Tubbo attempted to convince himself that they were just training and things went south, but he knew that Technoblade was still looking for Tommy. Fundy had spotted the hybrid wandering the land thousands of blocks away, looking as if he hadn't slept in many days. Fundy described him as having dark eye bags and not look as kingly as usual. However, his stance was still strong, and his steps were always overflowing with determination. Tubbo assumed that is precisely why Dream was dead. Technoblade's mind wasn't straight. The anger that had been boiling up inside of him had finally had a chance to overflow.

When Tubbo got the message, he stopped in his tracks. He was bursting with excitement but also

with fear.

Dream was dead. Dream had no armor and no tools. Dream no longer had any authority over them. It was kind of pathetic how afraid Tubbo was of his own brother...

But on the other hand...

Techno had killed Dream...Technoblade had slain Dream, which sent a message to everyone...

The whole nation of L'manburg, not only L'manburg but the greater DreamSMP, knew the god was angry, and it was Tubbo's job to keep everyone calm...

...

Ranboo.

Ranboo had been sitting at a table in his sister's, Niki's, bakery whenever he got the message. Niki's bakery had always been a quiet place that Ranboo enjoyed hanging out in, the stone walls may be kind of bland, but they were comforting weirdly.

The half enderman strung out of his seat as he kept rereading the message before running towards his sister in the back room, asking if she knew what happened to Dream.

"Sorry Ran, all I know is that Technoblade was here in L'manburg last week. It could have something to do with that?"

"Okay, Niki, that's fine. I'm going to see what else I can find out, okay?"

"Alright, just be safe!"

Ranboo nodded and waved a farewell as he left the bakery. He headed up to the town square of

L'manburg, the bright mid-day sky blinding his eyes for a moment as he was used to the dimly lit bakery. But when he didn't see anyone, he looked up at Phil's house.

Philza had been the closest person to Technoblade since Phil joined the server. It was expected that Phil *is* Technoblades's father, so Ranboo looked around to find some clues in his house.

Ranboo quietly walked in, lowly announcing his presence if someone had been there. Unlikely, Phil had not been in L'manburg since they were spotted talking to Tubbo, and the rest of the small nation enjoyed their alone time as the country can get very hectic very often.

Ranboo had walked around when he concluded no one was home. Though the last thing he did was look through Phil's chest, he found a lodestone compass when he did, the compass pointing.

"This must be where he is..." He mumbled as he left the house and followed the red arrow. Ranboo didn't know how long the walk would be, but he needed to know what was going on.

L'manburg would never tell their citizens what was going on.

...

Quackity.

Quackity was in his house staring at his clipping wings in a mirror when he got the message. Dream had cut his wings when he first joined so that there was no way he could fly. Quackity agreed as he knew there was no way he could join if he could fly, but the thing that hurt him wasn't only the pain; it was the fact that he couldn't do it himself, Dream always had to do it, and Dream always cut them too short.

Quackitys wings were always short and small as they were more like duck wings, nothing like Philzas large, powerful, and grey ones. Quackity was more accustomed to walking than Phil because his wings could only carry him for so long until they got too tired. But Quackity always loved having the choice to soar through the sky with no care in the world.

He wished that he never gave that up. He wished to show Karl and Sapnap the beautiful morning sky. But would have never met the people he most cares about if he never gave up his flight.

That is why Quackity was so glad when Dream lost his first life. If Quackity gathered enough people, they could take away the last two! And he doesn't have gear, so it should be a piece of cake!

Quackity quickly wrapped his wings back up in bandages and tightly tucked them under his shirt before running out of his house and running to the Whitehouse where a particular young president resides. His wings may hurt from being wrapped up so tight to conceal them, but he did this every day, and right now, this was his only chance to catch Dream at his weakest.

Quackity needed to gather a team, and fast.

...

Fundy.

Fundy had been engaged to Dream for about 5 months now. In Fundys eyes, it had been going wonderful even if they were on opposite sides. Fundy was in love with his enemy, and L'manburg knew it, but they supported him.

Dream and Fundy had met at a Minecraft Championship tournament as they joined during the 6th. Though they were on different teams, it did not stop them from hitting it off during the breaks. They soon became great friends, and Dream invited Fundy to move to the DreamSMP.

Those were the early days of the SMP, no L'manburg, no politics, no heroes and villains. Just laughter, fun, and friends. Fundy would give anything for that back, but he had his father's legacy to carry out now.

When Fundy got the message of his fiance's death, he was grinding experience at the 'secret' spider spawner.

Fundy saw the message and was heartbroken, the tears from his eyes hot and heavy. Yes, Dream was his enemy, and they've fought many times, but Dream had always gone easy on him, even in the first war. Fundy never sought Dreams demise, only for Dream to stop hurting his friends.



Fundy as the secretary of state had been told of Technoblades little visit, and he knew that the murder did not mean good things for L'manburg.

There needed to be a meeting.

...

George.

Fundy had been engaged to Dream for 5 months now, and in Georges's eyes, it was doomed to fail. Before they got engaged, George and Dream had been having an affair since the middle of Fundy and Dreams relationship. George had been in love with Dream for ages. He loved everything about the man, but he was always too embarrassed to ask the man out, so it was finally Dream who asked for them to secretly go out.

George was asleep when a buzz coming from his communicator woke him. George groggily got up and read the message, at first. His tired mind didn't register the words, but once he read it over few times, he started to freak out, tearing up as he read the message over and over again.

George quickly got up and changed into his iconic outfit before running to where George and Dream always met.

He needed to meet his lover by the Eiffel tower.

...

Punz.

Punz had never been one to pick sides, choosing whoever paid him the most instead. Dream had always been that person. He was the wealthiest person on the server and was one of the few people on the server that actually knew Punz could be paid off. Not that he intentionally kept it a secret.

Punz was sharpening the 'Punzo Blade of Justice' when his communicator went off. The words caught him off guard, to say the least. Punz never thought Dream could die if he's honest with

himself. Dream was known for being strong mentally and physically.

"But Technoblade is stronger, I guess." He murmured to himself as he continued to sharpen his sword.

Punz knew that unless Dream was humble enough to make himself an extra set of gear, Technoblade would be the new strongest on the SMP. And Punz knew that Dream never thought he would die either.

With the payment from Dream becoming less and less and the death of Dream, Punz knew that time was up and Dream no longer had his loyalty. Yes, Dream was a friend, but Punz separated work and friendship excellently.

It was time to spread the word of the mercenary.

...

Dream.

## Chapter End Notes

Wow this one took a while, there was actually a lot of research put into this one cause there were some character aspects or places that i needed to make sure i was right on. But here we are! I hope you enjoyed chapter 11!

## He's here

### Chapter Summary

Dreams death was celebrated, Tommy will be protected.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy.

Tommy's ears were ringing. He knew he was moving, but his eyes were blurring with tears that he knew were pouring out but couldn't feel. The explosion was loud, but Tommy was safe. He saw the notification on his communicator, but his mind refused to comprehend the words even after reading them repeatedly. He was in a state of pure numbness, feeling the air rush past his skin and the blurred colors rush past his eyes.

But then the ringing stopped, he could hear what was going on around him, and now he was aware, only slightly, but aware. His father was carrying him, running to god knows where he noticed Wilbur was by his side. But he didn't see Techno. He wanted to see Techno, his big brother...his hero.

Tommy thought about Techno going into battle as his eyes shut, the exhaustion of Dreams torture, and the overwhelming emotions when he saw his family finally taking over him. He looked up at his dad before falling asleep in his arms.

...

Technoblade.

His breathing was heavy as he put his sword back into his scabbard. He looked at the blood remaining on his hands. To most people, it would be unsettling even if I will disappear into a puff of smoke in a matter of minutes, but Technoblade paid the fact that it was blood no mind, but it was different.

It was Dream's blood.

Techno shook off the whirlwind of emotions and went to catch up with his family, but not before taking dreams stuff so that he could not come back to get it.

Techno spoke with the others for a moment when they caught up, but he was quiet most of the way. Thinking about what state he saw Tommy in when they first arrived.

*"If only I checked here sooner..."* He kept thinking to himself, but he still never knew why he could see through Dreams eyes. The things he saw him do to Tommy were absolutely repulsive and unforgivable.

Technoblade, now more than ever, was determined to protect his little brother. Tommy has been through enough.

...

Philza.

Phil was never too close with Dream, he's only ever had bad experiences with the man, and even then, there were not that many. But the moment he saw the terrible condition that Tommy was in, he knew that the man could not run free anymore and if that meant death, then so be it.

Phil never wanted Technoblade to kill as much as he does, but if he is going to, he might do it for the right reason, and Phil believes this is the right reason. Phil wants his children to be safe no matter the cost, and the Empire is his ticket to stop the bloodshed while also protecting the ones he loves.

The walk home was quiet, Tommy was sleeping, and no one wanted to wake him. But when they got home, Phil laid him down in Techno's bed before moving Tommy's stuff into the room closest to Techno's. Phil knew Technoblade would protect him with his life, and Phil would do the same. Tommy had been punished enough for his mistakes, and now they want him to be allowed to take revenge if he would like.

But they will never force him.

...

Wilbur.

Wilbur was fuming. He was going to burn everything Dream loved to the ground. As if he loved anything, that monster.

Wilbur also knew that the people of L'manburg knew something, and he was going to destroy them too. His little brother was traumatized even more than he already was. He was almost happy! But at least Tommy is home now, all eyes will be on him, and now he will be safe.

His little brother was safe...

Wilbur loved Tommy with all his heart. After reading through the book that the insane Wilbur wrote, he realized his mistake in putting Tommy through a war. But he couldn't turn back time. All he could do was make sure that this was the last bad thing to happen to him.

So Wilbur made a list...

-Destroy L'manburg

-Fully kill Dream

-Protect Tommy

"One last thing..." Wilbur mumbled as he wrote the last thing on the list.

-Get TimeDeo

...

Dream.

Dream woke up in his base with a gasp, the memories of his last actions quickly flooding in.

"Well, that's a first..."

He got up and looked through his chests for any other gear, groaning when he realizes he has to make more. He gets angrier and angrier as he crafts the armor, finally yelling and throwing his axe at one of the discs, almost missing it.

"Tommy! You will suffer!" He yelled, the words echoing through the large room.

Dream growled and look at the empty item frame made for "The Axe Of Peace."

"Obviously, getting that is going to be harder than I first expected. And now, with them killing me, they will be on guard at all times. I need a new plan, but at least there are only four of them."

A buzz came through on his communicator. When he looked up at the clock on his wall, he realized that he had been out for a full day. But he growled when he looked back down and read the message.

"those bastards..."

*[TimeDeo joined the game]*

## Chapter End Notes

So sorry this took so long!!! And im sorry its so short but the next chapter will 100% be longer since it wont just be reactions, im hoping that will come out sooner because im actually a little excited to write that!!! but i hope you enjoyed this anyways!!!

## Note from the author 12/3/21

### Chapter Summary

>.> uhhhh hi

SO...some of you may have noticed its been a big fat moment since the last chapter, and I want to say, I'm sorry about that.

Though this fic did way better than I had ever dreamed, MCYT just isn't exactly my thing anymore. Don't get me wrong, I still adore watching the creates but IMO the DSMP has gotten stale due to the fact that every single arc so far has been very basic and predictable. Well written, but predictable.

I can't promise you all that I will update this fic again due to the fact that I've lost interest, I think I created the start of a wonderful AU and I want to give it out to you all to take what I wrote and write your own ending. Copy and paste what I wrote, rewrite what I wrote, I don't care, make it your own if you enjoy it. But it is so unlikely that I will update this again.

That being said, thank you all for the support, my favorite thing when I wrote this fic was reading everyone's comments and laughing at how excited you all got. So thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the support you guys gave me.

Reach out to me on discord @penuf#0906

## Authors note 2 12/13/21

### Chapter Summary

shit fuck

so, I made a mistake with my last update LOL

The last update said I was out of the fandom and because of that I didn't want to write this story anymore, BUT THE MOMENT I MADE THAT, NEW LORE CAME OUT THAT SUCKED ME BACK IN!!!!!!!!!!

so basically I will be writing this, BUT I will be rewriting because my writing skills have gotten way better since I started. So I decided that I will restart this fic from the beginning, but due to that fact I don't know if I will keep all the chapters cohesive if I just rewrite this book, so I decided that the best plan is for me to make a whole new 'book' to start, It will most likely be called "I'm so cold...rewritten" like toontown or some shit lmfao

Anyways keep a look out for that!

ALSO worry not, this one is staying up because I hate it when authors delete their fics when they are rewriting it, like let me read it while you rewrite smh

Anyways thank you for sticking around for my dumbassery

<3

~Penuf

### End Notes

Thanks for reading :D I adore you all !

add me on twitter @Peachy\_Heartt for updates on the story and just like dumb tweets  
lmfao, also feel free to DM me :D I dont mine talking to you all at all ;o

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!